TWO BOOKS ON IRELAND. LANDLORD'S VIEWS; AND A TOURIST'S.

PARNELL AND HIS ISLAND. BY GEORGE MOORE. 12mo, pp. 256. London: Swan, Sonnen. Lowery & Co. IN CASTLE AND CABIN; or, TALKS IN IRELAND IN 1887. By GEORGE PELLEW, A. M., ILB. 12 mo, pp. 309. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ese two books, which deal with the same et, approach one another at few points. The first is by an Irishman of the landlord class, who appears to have been an absentee during the greater part of his life. The second is the work of an erican of an extremely practical turn, whose only aim has been to ascertain the truth, and perfectly dispassionate inquiries have brought together a strange series of kaleidoscopic

Mr George Moore is a writer of fiction, and fiction of a peculiar kind. It is necessary to say this because in the present volume his singularity of views figures quite prominently. Long a resident in France, he appears to have absorbed the most morbid ideas current in the most insurrectionary isian circles. The revolt indicated is not political but moral and social. Those who join it war upon everything that is reasonable, beautiful, calm and measured. They ridicule modern art, poetry, fiction, and apotheosize the most monstrous aberrations. They affect a special refineand subtlety. In poetry they hold form to be everything and tents nothing, and as a consequence they applaud the most eccentric and utterly barren rubbish in the shape of verse that ever was spawned by the effete extrusions of a decadent civilization. With all this forced and artificial eccentricity of taste these curious people are pleased to consider themselves realists. They repudiate Zola, indeed, chiefly because Zola has a vogue with the Populace; but their realism is Zolaistic, as none can doubt who take the trouble to read the French fiction they prefer, or the English romances of George Moore.

The latter seems to have desired, in "Parnell and His Island," to present an unvarnished and realistic picture of Ireland. What he has in fact produced is a strange medley. He sketches various Irish types, the tenant-farmer, the priest, the landlord, the agent, the patriot. He tries to be trank and importial, to tell the truth about everything and everybody, to represent facts as they are. But he sees the world through colored glasses. His Ireland is peopled by a race whose development has been arrested, who are so backward as to be incapable of self-government, who have been so demoralized by the Parnellite and League doctrines that their ethics are in a state of dissolution; who, nevertheless, he thinks, will obtain Home Rule, and promptly demonstrate their incapacity to maintain autonomy. He is himself, he says, a landlord, but he has little save contempt and rebuke for the class. The class is doomed, he frankly concedes, but the people make no distinction between good and bad landlords in their behavior, and the ninant element in the country is no longer Celtic, but the aboriginal Finnish, which is an inferior blood, degraded and brutalized. The Celt himself, however, if we are to believe Mr. Moore, is a failure. He says: "The graft of civilization the Angle-Saxon has for 700 years striven to bind upon the island has never caught, but whether the Celt will be able to civilize himself when he gets Home Rule I do not pretend to say. At present he is a savage, eminently fitted for cattle-lifting, but illsuited to ply the industry of farming, which the him." Then follows this Zola-esque piece of description :

Down in the wet below the edge of that bog frough stones without mortar. Each is divided into two, rarely into three, compartments; and the windows are not so large as those of a railway carriage. And in these dens a whole family, a family consisting of husband and wife, grandfather and grandmother, and from eight to ten children herd together as best they can. The cabins are thatched or are roofed with green sods cut from the nearest field. About each doorway there is a dung-heap in which a pig wallows in the wettest and the children play on the driest part. The interior of these cabins can be imagined, a dark place from which exudes a stink; a stink which the immates describe as a warm smell! Around the walls are vague shapes—what, you cannot quite see; like high boxes pushed out of sight, are the beds. The floor is broken in places and the rain collegts in the hellows. of sight, are the beds. The floor is broken places and the rain collects in the hollows, placed in the middle of the floor, and the beast from time to time approaches and snifts at the child sleeping in a cot by the fireside. The old grandmother waves her palsied hands and the beast retires to his trongh. As we have seen the pig, let us see the family at dinner. Of cookery they have no idea whatever; there is not a single plate or kitchen utensil of any kind in the hovel except the black iron pot that hangs over the fire. The father and mother enter followed by the brood. The mother, a great strong creature fit for work in the fields, dressed in a red petticoat which scarcely falls below her knees—you see the thick shapeless red legs—lifts the black pot off the fire and carries it to the threshold, one of the children holds a sieve and the water is strained off. Then the pig is hunted under one of the seeve.

Here is another characteristic bit: "You want

Here is another characteristic bit: "You want to know what Ireland is like? Ireland is like the sme? of paraffine oil! The country exhales the damp, flaccid, evil smell of poverty,-yes, a poverty that is of the earth earthy. And this smell hangs about every cabin: it rises out of the chimneys with the smoke of the peat, it broods upon the dung-heap and creeps along the deep black bogholes that line the roadway, and the thin, meagre espect of the marshy fields and the hungry hills reminds you of this smell of poverty-the smell of something sick to death of poverty." There is a nightmare feeling about all these descriptions which is one of the peculiarities of Mr. Moore's writings, and which seems to follow him everywhere. In everything upon which he casts his eyes the gloomy element predominates. He is that anomalous creature, an Irishman destitute of humor. He can perceive only the rags, the dirt, the squalor, the unsavory odors, whichever way he moves. He has a picture of a decaying country house. It suggests to him a sweeping pessimistic generalization, and he bursts out: "The western Celt is a creature great to dream, and powerless to execute: in external aspects and in moral history the same tale is told-great things attempted, nothing done: and the physiology and psychology of his country is read in the unfinished pile."

If it were not for the cynical spirit of detraction and depreciation which leads Mr. Moore to blacken all his shadows so heavily and to tone down his lights until they are ghastly, many of his sketches would deserve praise for their power and graphic skill. Here is a striking sketch caught while driving over an estate with its owner, a recently returned absentee:

Now the hills have been left behind and sow the fills have been left behind and we passing through an interminable stretch of land; and even into this wilderness eviction forced the peasant. Out in this swamp there huts, and in the ooze and mud the procreation the human race is continued. We pass a elling-place that strikes me as being the thest possible limit to which human degradan may be extended. Into the bank formed the entiting of the rest a few poles have been tion may be extended. Into the bank formed by the catting of the peat a few poles have been thrust, and on these poles sods of earth have been laid, the front and sides are partly built up with soft black mud. And in this foul den a woman has brought up five children, and in the swamp a few potatoes are cultivated, but the potato crop has failed this year and the family are living on the yellow most the parish authorities allow them. They are boiling it now in the black fron pot, and will probably eat it out of the pot, for the hat contains nothing but the pot and the straw on which the family sleep. The man in a torn shirt looking like a wild beast is climbing out of the bog hole. "Whose tenant are you?" I ask. "M——" he replies, mentioning my host's name, "but I have received notice to quit," "Is not that the best thing that could happen to you?" I ask. "Why don't you apply to the Tuke fund to be emigrated?"

"My wife likes the old country and we might "My wife likes the old country and we might

worse off in America."
But you could not be worse off."
Oh, times may mend. he replies!
Iow times can mend for him I know not, and ave him with a picture of most awful poverty nt for ever in my memory.

The chapters headed "The Landlord," " The Tenent-Farmer." "The Priest" and "The Patriot" are all worth reading, and all show close observabut the reader needs a disinfectant, for the odor of cynicism and morbidness in this book is nite as palpable and not less repulsive than the

odor of poverty, which offends his sensitive nos-

There is an account of an eviction which appears to be a recital of facts. The landlord in this case is a woman, and a very queer woman, a " Miss Barrett," who is described as dressing habitually in men's clothes, and as having but two pleasures in life, namely, getting horribly drunk and evicting Why such a woman has not been shot Mr. Moore does not try to explain. Her tenants all hate her heartily, and at the evictions, where she presides in person, they are represented as hurling all manner of abuse at her to her face. When Miss Barrett visits the country town to procure fresh writs of ejectment she employs the opportunity to have a spree. She and a female companion " pass with their guard of police and their lie-house to public-house they go, drinking and their lips, and they fall helpless on the ground. Then they are piled up and tied on a car by the police and driven home to sleep off the effects of their drunken bout." This dreadful old harridan, the author alleges, was once the belle of the coun-

her to her present pass. In a concluding chapter Mr. Moore sums up his impressions of his native country. He holds that, while in England all feeling of race enmity is dying out, in Ireland it is increasing. That Home Rule is certain to be conceded before long? That the mass of the Irish are not yet fitted for such a change, having, moreover, gone backward more than ever during the past ten years under the immoral and insidious teachings of their leaders, both spiritual and temporal. And that when Home Rule has been granted:-" I see the inevitable war with Russia beginning on the Afghan frontier, and following on England's first defeat, be the defeat great or small, the Irish-Americans who will then be governing in Dublin will declare the independence of their island." So end the melancholy observations of a curiously jaundiced riter. It will be a relief to turn from his pessimistic conclusions to the bright, shrewd, open-air practicality of Mr. Pellew.

The author of " In Castle and Cabin" spent four months last year in travelling over Ireland and seeking the views of representative men everywhere. Armed with letters of introduction, which secured for him the hospitality and serious atten-I met I tried to draw into conversation upon the made them desire Home Rule or oppose it. Full notes were taken of every conversation, however apparently unimportant, and, on reading them over, I found that they contained records of talks with over 200 people, including officials, landlords, land agents, priests, farmers, professional men, merchants, shopkeepers, commercial travellers and He passed through Leinster, Munster, Ulster and Connaught, gleaning opinions as he went, and he has reproduced them in a very readable and interesting way. The first impressions produced by such a book are in the nature of the case bewildering, for the views expressed are as various and contradictory as can well be imagined. In fact one of the first facts to strike the reader is the absence of unanimity in any part of the country. Home Rule, Protection, the Land Question, in turn assume predominance. At one point Home Rule is desired, and not Protection. At another Protection is thought law forces as the alternative of starvation with most important. Elsewhere the establishment of a peasant proprietary dwarfs all other considerations. Again, some think that if the land question is settled satisfactorily Home Rule will not be needed. Others hold that Home Rule ought to precede the land question. Some maintain that Home Rule will lead to separation. Others contend that separation is out of the question. Here Home Rule is regarded with the gloomiest forebodings. There it is anticipated with the most sanguine expectations. Even in Ulsur there are radical differences of opinion. Even the Orangemen fail to agree upon a platform. Even the Nationalists exhibit divergent views. The priests are no more a unit than their flocks. The merchants and manufacturers agree to disagree. After reading a couple of hundred pages of these irreconcilable views one is tempted to conclude that the statesmen who are under obligation and has to be swept out every merning. A large pig, covered with lice, feeds out of a trough placed in the middle of the floor, and the beast and perplexing a task as has ever fallen to the lot of poor humanity to accomplish.

Mr. Pellew, however, thinks that some definite conflicting testimony he has so laboriously collated, and he proceeds in his final chapter to the views of all the extremists may safely be of what riches will procure. The money-grubber put aside; that in the event of Home Rule there ends by becoming a slave to the sordid object of will be no civil war, no actual resistance to the legislation of a Dublin Parliament, no evodus of the merchants and manufacturers. Even the landlords will stay if they can, and " Home Rule, if it does come, will be given a fair trial even by those who are hopeless of its success." He is not very hopeful of its success himelf, particularly if it is granted before the land question is settled. and in this view he represents the conviction of many Nationalists, and cites a letter from Mr. T. Harrington in which the latter says: "We are all extremely anxious that a question calculated to excite so much feeling and bring so many opposing interests into collision should not be left to be settled in the early and trying days of a new legislation. No sincere Irishman could houestly entertain any other opinion." It is true that Mr. Michael Davitt does not indorse this opinion, and it would be misleading to pretend that there was anything like unanimity among the local leaders on the subject. Mr. Pellew also points out a serious difficulty in the case. He "The land question should be settled be-Savs. fore Home Rule is established, and yet no guarantee for the purchase money is suggested by the Nationalists, except a guarantee by a Home Rule Parliament." How this dilemma is to be avoided nobody seems to know.

Mr. Pellew thinks also that " it is significant that in Donegal, in Tyrone, and elsewhere, local leaders admit that the farmers would lose interest in Home Rule if the land question were settled, and that in Ballinasloe and Cork it is noticed that the laborers are satisfied where they have employment." The desire for Home Rule, however, regarding it broadly, the author considers "a natural result of the general poverty." What is expected from the change illustrates the superficiality of the average views. Thus the masses anticipate a revival of manufactures by the adoption of a tariff and bounties, the relief of the poor by the undertaking of costly public works, such as harbors, quays, roads, bridges, and even railways, the providing of boats and nets for fishermen, the granting of loans to small farmers, the establishment of vast industrial schools all over the island; and, at the same time, they look forward to a reduction of taxation. If asked where the means to do all these things are to be procured by a Dublin Parliament without credit, an answer is naturally hard to obtain. The plain truth is that the people at large never look so far ahead as that. But it is perfectly clear that the greater the general expectations the more difficult must be the position of a Home Rule Parliament, and no doubt the Nationalists feel this acutely.

Mr. Pellew attempts no solution himself. His object has been to bring together some actual reflections of current Irish opinion, and this he has done well and faithfully. Those who wish to obtain more than a surface knowledge of the whole question, and especially those who wish to comprehend the difficulties of the situation, are recommended to read this book, which can be guaranteed to interest and amuse, even when it fails to instruct.

TO A FISHERMAN From Forest and Stream. A book,
A shady nook.
A shady nook.
A shady nook.
A shady nook.
A sudden swish—
A sigh. But why?
Next day a lie. BALZAC IN ENGLISH.

THE MAGIC SKIN (LA PEAU DE CHAGRIN). By
HONORE DE BALZAG. Translated by KATHARINE
PRESCOTT WORMELEY. With an introduction by
GROUGE PREDERIC PARSONS. 12mo, pp. xilli, 223.
Boston: Reberts Brothers.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL STUDIES.

The "Magic Skin" is the first of the three philosophical novels in which Balzac partly unfolded a system of thought as bold and ingenious as it was opposed to the views taken by his contemporaries of the author. That Balzac should have been considered a materialist is a paradox only to be explained upon the hypothesis that his generation was too gross to comprehend that phase of his character which transcended the material. bailiffs to the nearest public house; and from pub- In truth, no really great novelist has ever been materialist, for genius is the sublimation of idealcutsing with ever-increasing ardor, until at last the ism, and the creative faculty is essentially idealglass slips from their hands and the oath dies on istic. Balzac, however, may have deceived his contemporaries by the intense realism of his methods. He could not write an allegory after the conventional fashion, according to which all the figures in such a composition are stiff, unlifelike, obviously mere puppets and vehicles of try side. A disappointment in love changed her didacticism. When he was called on to conceive character and gave it the bent which has brought anything in the likeness of humanity, by the law of his nature he was impelled to inform it with is borne in upon the reader. None of the master's life, and to make of it a real entity. So it is that in the "Magic Skin" the vividness of the description, the freshness of the colors, the flow of the action, have a tendency to throw the symbolism of the work into the shadow. Perhaps this is in no way to be regretted. It certainly gives to the book an exoteric as well as an esoteric side, and it offers to such as dislike occult meanings the opportunity to regard it as simply an ingenious and fantastic romance.

The introduction with which the publishers have thought fit to preface the story is intended to facilitate the research of those who are interested in the mystical, and who recognize in Balzac a thinker whose vigorous mind penetrated the mysteries and obscurities of existence as deeply as is perhaps permitted to finite intelligences. It is now well understood in a limited but constantly expanding circle that the great Frenchman had in these lines of study forerun his peers, and reached a point of enlightenment something more than fully abreast of the profoundest inquisition of the present day. Nor can it be said that even as regards physical science his knowledge is obsolete. The names of Geoffrey St. Hilaire and Bichat have indeed become unfamiliar, but the discoveries tion of all manner of people, he says, "every person they made, the systems they founded, are still significant and still followed; all that has occondition of the country, and the reasons that curred since their time being in the form of natural development upon the lines which they laid down. In the "Magie Skin" Balzac has made a study in physiological psychology; in other | WP swords and wir daggers they rushed on the words, in the material effects of immaterial causes. We are here shown the destructive reaction of Will and Desire upon Life. The Magic Skin itself is the amount of potential energy allotted to each human being. This may by temperate use be made to last through a long, tranquil and beneficent career, or if its employment be controlled by Egoism it may be exhausted in a few years of feverish acquisitiveness or wild indulgence. It is a talisman which assures success to all who are willing to pay the price; but every expenditure of Will and Desire produces a shrink age in the magic skin, which registers the cur-

tailment of the owner's life. An ordinary romancer would have been content to show Raphael abandoned to self-indulgence, wasting his vitality in the gratification of every passing caprice, and plunging the more madly into dissipation the nearer his fate approached. But Balzac was a great artist, and in tracing the springs of human action he was satisfied with nothing less than certainty. He perceived that a real Egoist in the circumstances could not so surrender himself to headlong sensuality; that the instant such an one realized the effect of his extravagance upon his reserve of vitality, his impulse would be to stop all waste, and, if possible, prevent all further use of his life-force. From this subtle reasoning resulted the prolonged tragedy which fills the third part of the book—the Death Agony," as he entitled it. Raphael, who set out with the impatient and reckless desire to squander the remnant of his life in a Sardanapalan debauch, as a kind of defiance to the powers which had so wrecked and tormented him, no sooner comprehends the relation of his existence to the talisman than he resolves upon a vegetative regimen. He secludes himself, shuts out society, rejects friendship, abandons all thoughts of acvision of his impulses and observation of the onclusions may be drawn from the mass of magic skin. This is a plain parable. Egoism is forever defeating itself. The passions, cultivation of which leads to material wealth, cannot costate them. In the first place, he considers that exist with the capacity for healthy enjoyment his toil, and it brings him to its own level, and often climinates his very soul, leaving him a mere

In Raphael, as in all victims of self, there is also continual strife. For if the unrestrained Ego demands the sacrifice of everything to the mere prolongation of mere existence, the mind, weakened by self-indulgence, cannot always resist the temptation of blind desire, which has no care for the morrow, but is tyrannous in its insistence, Hence occasional outbreaks which offset alternative precautions, and cause the magic skin to contract appallingly. The episode of Pauline is introduced to suggest the possibilities of pure and exalted love, but Raphael is incapable of rising to the necessary heights; his wretched personal apprehensions soon reassert themselves; the dominant sensual instinct of self-preservation thrusts poor Pauline to the door; and the sated worldling resigns himself once more to the quest of alleviation. In vain. The organism already labors heavily. The drafts upon his vitality have sensibly lowered the system. He is dying of inanition, and science cannot help or save him. The scene of the consultation, the experiments with the physicists, are deeply satirical. Natural forces may be convertble, but they are not mutually destructive. Hydraulio science is as futile as chemistry in dealing with this other natural force which is embodied in the talisman; this highest and most potent of all the forces of nature. Destiny plays with the wretched Raphael as a cut plays with a mouse. He fancies for a moment that Alpine life, side by side with robust peasants and vigorous children, may enable him to cheat the implacable adversary. But his simple companions are not deceived as to his condition, and presently his failing strength warms him that he must return to Paris, if only to die. The final scene is full of horror, but it is eminently true to nature, and fitly closes a marvellous study.

The episode of Fedora, "the woman without a beart," is an arrangement almost independent of the main narrative, but not the less necessary to the completeness of the allegory and to the exploitation of Raphael's character in particular. Fedora is that Society which, in Paris more than anywhere, has so long been the goal of ambition for a certain class of young men-that class especially which Balzae has typified in De Rastignac. Success in this contest is never worth having, nor can it be attained save at the sacrifice of the truest graces and the best tendencies and aspirations of hu-manity. Fedora is to be won only by a man who is as heartless, calculating and self-centred as herself. The youth who enters life with warm blood in his veins, with illusions about unselfish love, with yearnings after intellectual triumphs and spiritual conquests, must either give up the quest in disgust, or strip himself, one by one, of all the attributes which ennoble existence, in order to pursue it hopefully. Should the latter alternative be chosen, however, the attainment of the painfully-sought goal will be none the less disillusionizing, for the fruit of Society is that

the tenure of the magic skin, though it is clear that his bent was egoistic from the first, and that his social experience only developed and ripened the seeds of that absorbing selfishness which ruled the remainder of his life. When he meets Pauline at the theatre, after entering his servitude to the talisman, it is too late to reconstruct the ideal existence which might have been. He attempts it, but the cost of the experiment is too heavy for him to maintain, and he withdraws into himself again, feebler for the effort. Thenceforward, nothing remains for him but the fierce yet hopeless struggle against Death. Pauline, of course, is the type of real love; love self-sacrificing, self-effacing, constant, tender and ennobling; victim love, as man's selfishness too often dooms it to be. Brought in rivalry with the callous artificiality of society, this love is frequently sacrificed cruelly, but it

knows no resentment, and seeks no revenges. This strange, powerful, fascinating story and study in one is characterized by all the qualities which distinguish Balzac from other novelists. It abounds with wit, humor, satire, irony, knowledge of the world, science, philosophy, subjects are illuminated in epigrammatic sentences. Scenery is painted in bold, free, sweeping strokes which impress every object upon the memory. The sense of compressed thought, of restrained power, works is more pungent and suggestive than this, in short. It is unnecessary to say that it is excellently translated by Miss Wormeley, who always enters into the meaning of her author with a certainty and facility of grasp indicating a happy union of qualifications for the work she has under taken.

INVERAY.

Down Deeside rode Inversy, whistling and playing. He called loud at Brackla gate ere the day's dawing. "O Gordon of Brackla, proud Gordon, come down, There's a sword at your threshold mair sharp than your own."

"Arise now, gay Gordon!" his lady 'gan cry,
"For there is fierce Inversy driving your kye."
"How can I go, lady, and win them again,
When I have but ac sword where he has got ten!"

"Arise now, my maidens, leave rock and leave fan; How blest had I been had I married a man! Arise now, my maidens, take lance and take sword Go, milk the ewes, Gordon, for I shall be lord!"

Up sprang the brave Gordon, put his helm on Laid his hand on his sword and his thigh o'er his steed; But he stooped low and said, as he kissed his proud There's a Gordon rides out that will never ride

There rode wi' fierce Inversy thirty-and-three, And nane wi' the Gordon save his brother and he; Twa gallanter Gordons did never sword draw, But against three-and-thirty, wae's me! what wer

rude, And the twa bonnie Gordons lay bathed in their bluid; Frae the mouth o' the Dec to the source o' the Spey. The Gordons mourn for them and curse Inversy.

"O came ye by Brackla, and what saw ye there? Was the young widow weeping and tearing her hair "I came down by Brackla; I looked in, and oh! There was mirth, there was feasiing, but naething

"Like a rose bloomed the lady and blithe as a bride; A bridegroom young Inversy stood by her side; She feasted him there as she ne'er feasted lord, Though the bluid o' her husband was red on hi

O there's dule in the cottage, if there's mirth in th For the twa bonnie Gordons who are deld and awa' To the bush comes the bud, and the flower to the But the twa gallant Gordon; come never again."

THE BASKET CRAZE.

From The San Francisco Chronicle. The latest fad or craze in California, especially in the southern portion, is to possess a collection of Indian baskets. It is the correct thing, and some of the most artistic homes in the State have rooms decorated with them. The Hon. Abbott Kinney, of Kinneloa, who went the rounds of the Mission Indians with "H. H.," has at least fifty baskets. G. F. Granger, of Pasadena, owns a rare collection, while the collection of Mr. Knight, the artist, of Los Angeles, and several ladies and gentlemen of San Francisco and Santa Barbara may be said to represent all the first-class baskets now available. Who started the craze is not known, but some one discovered that the baskets possessed great artistic beauty, were rich in harmonious coloring and formed attractive ornaments for library and parlor, and the demand began. It was the old story of new lamps for old, and dealers and others went around the country exchanging new modern baskets for the old ones of the Spanish and Mexican far diles. The dealers held them at high prices, and finally ladies desirous of obtaining a collection began to search and made the country taxonary and it is not because the made as the country that the prices is the search and made the country themselves and the search and made the country themselves. The latest fad or craze in California, especially in t ing a collection began to search and made the hemselves, and it is safe to say that not many a California occupied by Mexicans have been

The baskets are exhausted, at least the old ones, being now in the hands of a few collectors and others who will not sell them. The baskets cost from \$1.50 to \$3 usually now in the hands of a few collectors and others who will not sell them. The baskets cost from at 50 to 83 usually and bring from £10 to £50 apiece. Unless the reader has seen some of these works of barbaric art this price will seem excessive; but the graceful shape, the rich brown tints, the age and association give them a value appreciated by those who have engaged in their collection. The cheapest way to make a collection is to go to some collector and buy their baskets outright, but the most picasurable method is to take a carriage and go about the country among the Indians and Mexicaus and buy them one's self. Many of the finest baskets come from the Indians north of San Francisco, and others have been collected in Les Angeles, San Diego and San Bernardino counties. In the latter counties are the remnants of the Mission Indians, hidden away in the mountains at Pala, Pauma and at Pachanza. The women still make the baskets, and you may buy large ones for which in Los Angeles and San Francisco you would pay three times the amount. In most cases it is the old women who do the work, and even at San Gabriel it can be seen—two squaws laboring at a basket for several weeks and then selling it for £2 or thereabouts—reminding one of a tribe of native Africans, where a man toiled five years for a yoke of oxen and took it as a good joke when a lion killed them a day or two after their delivery. Time is no object to them. While the new baskets are found in the huts and enramadas of the present Indians, the fine ones, richly thated by age, are only seen in the Mexican, or more genecally in the houses of half-breed Mexicans and Indians who have owned them for years.

The experiences of the amateur basket collector are varied, and no better way in which to study the habits of the present Indians can be found. The successful basket upon trunks being opened and contents shown. This may seem a high-handed proceeding, but it is necessary, as even while the people wish to sell they, in the majority of cases, say at first that t

new." That a basket which they use to sift their flow in could serve as an ornament is beyond their conception yet this is the end to which these old utensils are put They are tacked against the walls to show the figures o color, or hung over doors or in corners. The large one find a place near the fire to hold the wood, while other are distributed about the library for papers and magaines indeed their usefulness grows upon one. The finest collections are photographed by their owners and make a line and artistic showing.

LETTERS THAT NEVER WENT. New-York letter to The Minneapolls Tribune.

New-York letter to The Minneapolis Tribune.

Some time age the man who fires a certain newspaper clipping burean's circulars through the mail saw a notice of a newly issued cheap edition of Dr. Johnson's "Basselas," and he immediately wrote to "Samuel Johnson, f.L. D., care of — & Co., publishers," inclosing circulars, and stating that the bureau would be pleased to furnith him with criticisms on his "recent very popular work."

That was only equalled by the man who saw two pictures, the property of W. H. Vanderbilt, at a loan exhibition, and who was so much pleased with them that he determined to have some painted by the artists to whom they were credited on the catalogue, and so wrote to them, addressing his letters, one to P. P. Rubens, esq., the other to V. R. Remorand, esq., and sent them in care of W. H. Vanderbilt, with instructions to "please forward."

K AMATEUR TELESCOPE MAKER.

From The Pittsburg Commorcial-Gazette.

Some time ago a young man, who had but recently graduated from the Pittsburg High School, called upo Mr. Brashear (maker of the spectroscope for the Lie Observatory), for some information in regard to the construction of a telescope. His name is Sherman Buvinge and he was at that time a machinist in McIntosh, Hengin hill & Co.'s fron works. In his spare moments he eigaged in the scientific work of making a telescope large as those in use by the majority of astronomer it took him a long time to do it. The first lenses his ground were failures. He tried it regain and the result was successful. He manufactured complete a six-ine telescope. When it is remembered that a four-inch is strument will give a wonderful glimpse of the heaven the power or young Buvinger's telescope can be comprhended. With it he was able to see all the moons of the manufactured complete as formal the power or young Buvinger's telescope can be comprhended. With it he was able to see all the moons of the manufactured comprehension of the heaven that the second of the heaven the power or young Buvinger's telescope can be comprhended. With it he was able to see all the moons of the comprehension of the power of young Buvinger's telescope can be comprehension.

A WEALTH OF VERBENAS IN PERU.

the lips.

Raphael had the one great opportunity which comes to most men, when the love of Pauline was offered him during the period of his indigence. But he was blinded by his sordid ambition, and continued to follow the woman without a heart to his ruin. It was Fedora who prepared him for the acceptance of the fatal contract involved in

IN LAWLESS TIMES.

R. L. STEVENSON'S NEW STORY.

THE BLACK ARROW: A TALE OF THE TWO ROSES. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. 12mo, pp. 322. Charles Scribner's Sons.

wrote like one. In the case of Mr. Stevenson one person writes like many. It is indeed "strange that Ulysses does a thousand things so well." The critic who endeavors to follow this Protean genius needs such skill as was possessed by the Arabian princesses who encountered the enchanters, and in duels of dexterity matched their wily opponents at every turn with the fitting metamorphosis To the reviewer of method, who goes by plumbline, tape-measure and graduated scale, the versatility of this author must be not only bewildering, but exasperating. For what is to be thought of a man who, just as you have him measured and ready for the precisest appraisal, on a sudden changes all his proportions, or adds a new dimen sion to his sphere of action? In truth, there are as many Stevensons as books bearing that name on the title-page, and the end of each volum marks a complete solution of continuity. How connect the writer of "Travels with a Donkey" with him of "The New Arabian Nights"? How carry on the identification of the spirit revealed in "Treasure Island" to the wholly alien manifestation in " Prince Otto"? Where seek the connecting links between "Virginibus Puerisque" and Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"? By what means establish unity of conception between " The Dyna miter" and Kidnapped"? Surely nobody was ever fully warranted as Mr. Stevenson employing the editorial plural, for in so multiplex a personality has never before disported itself in ways to baffle the utmost ingenuity of hypothesis attainable by the solemnest of all the Psychical Research Societies.

The Black Arrow" discloses a new facet of Mr. Stevenson's many-sided literary character. It is not now printed for the first time. It appears to have been written for serial publication, and to have had little vogue in that shape. In his dedication the author says it was written in rivalry with Mr. Alfred R. Phillips-a name little known on this side of the water. It is a romance of old England; of England during the Wars of the Roses, when anarchy was the prevailing condition, and human life was held cheap, and feudalism still flourished, and pretty maidens were trafficked about by their natural or legal guardians, and the first thought of everybody who had an enemy was to "remove" him in the most summary and conclusive manner, and manners were coarse and rough, and the people frowsy, dirty, stupid, sodden and cowed. A time when anything violent might happen anywhere at any moment; when kings and parons bold were as liable to lose their heads, or to be smitten under the fifth rib, as their followers were to be strung up to the handlest trees in the event of defeat; a time when everybody got who had the power, and everybody kept who could. Mr. Stevenson projects upon this decidedly tempestuous and fecund background a generator of omantic possibilities in the shape of a band of outlaws, or broken men, whose symbol is a black arrow, and whose method of exhibiting this symbol is the more impressive since it usually takes the form of a mysterious missile, plunging with deadly accuracy through the midriff of some obnoxious person. The Black Arrows are a kind of Robin Hoods,

who foregather in the greenwood, kill the King's venison, waylay the King's subjects, and exercise a simple and primitive injustice in killing everybody in any way connected with the objects of their special animosity. We are further reminded of Robin Hood by a Black Arrow named Lawless, who is evidently a first-cousin, at the furthest remove, to Friar Tuck, and who trolls out rollicking staves about the merry, merry greenwood in the most orthodox fashion. The hero, Richard Shelton, is one of those healthy, natural, downright, plucky young fellows, not too bright, Mr. Stevenson is so fond of creating. His young heroes are never prigs. They are not above being stupid sometimes. They make mistakes in the natural adolescent manner. They even brag, now and then, and lay themselves open to snubs, and sustain the latter, and then wholesomely recognize their crudeness and blush and acknowledge their faults. Richard Shelton is a boy, not of our, but of his, period, and that means a pretty rough boy, used to hard knocks, used to the sight of blood, not qualmish about spilling it upon occasion, prompt to take life even when it crossed his path, and not at all likely to feel the least remorse for Roses were being fought and bickered out, this was the dominant type of British boy, no doubt, that is, among the well-born. As to the others, they were of no account whatever but to shoot a good shoot with the long-bow, and to send a clothyard shaft three hundred yards or so and into the internal machinery of some other poor devil who happened to be-why, probably he did not know-in opposition.

The psychology of those times is obscure. It may perhaps be questioned whether there was any psychology then. Certainly the introspective novelist, could he have antedated his proper period and lived when York and Lancaster were, like the lion and the unicorn, fighting for the crown, would have found it hard to analyze the souls about him. Ends were set so far above means that commonly the people whose ends were important employed any and every means, and haggled no more at assassination than at some little matter of abducting an heiress. As to the latter, the Sabine mode of matrimony was scarcely less in use than what is now considered the regular form, and rich men bought wives about as directly, and openly as in any period-which is perhaps saying a good deal. People in sooth were very coarse and crude. Nerves were scarcely known even among women. Hearts were exceedingly tough and elastic. The suppressed sex was kept under quite systematically. The life of the time was mostly external, rude, full of cruelties and sharp, decisive emergencies. Death came nearer to the majority every day than he does now. Disease made fierce havoc. Wild beasts and wilder bandits beset the rural regions. Barons and kings in their ceaseless contentions expended the common people with reckless freedom. There was much more law than justice. The warrior caste was dominant, and next came the Church. A fine field generally for the practice of a lively invention, and yet a field so difficult that few modern authors have essayed the experiment, and fewer still have brought it to successful fruition. Mr. Stevenson has, however, made a striking

eries of dramatic pictures. There is little plot n his story : only enough to hang his tableaus upon. The action is vigorous and incessant. The lawless condition of the time is kept in evidence. Everybody is fighting or flying, plotting or baffling plots, doing or hindering overt wrong. Yet there are occasional rests of quiet wood scenery, such as the wanderings of Richard Shelton with the supposititious Jack Matcham. This is a charming it, and not the least delightful feature of it is the quarrelling between Richard and his seemingly effeminate companion, whose weakness puzzles and whose sensibility irritates the young lion cub. The episode of the Good Hope, the escape from Sir Daniel Brackley's, the ambush of the Black Arrows in the wood, the disguised adventure of Richard and Lawless, the battle of Shoreby, are also each in its way finished and realistic scenes. The introduction of the young Duke of Gloucester-the crookback Richard-is bold, but the figure presented is full of life and fire and malign energy and audacity. There is but one point at which the reader's imagination is unduly called upon, and that is where-in the battle of Shoreby-the young Duke of Gloncester is represented as killing the veteran Earl of Risingham with the "truncheon of a sword." A truncheon of a sword is a fragment of a sword-a broken and therefore more or less ineffective weapon; yet under this feeble arm, wielded by a lad, a warrior of renown goes down. This is a little too strong, and in the next edition it is to be hoped that Mr. Stevenson will furnish his Crookback with an unmutilated falchion with which to slay his enemies.

The love-making in the Black Arrow is conventional; that is, it does not differ essentially from

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I have been afflicted since last March with a skin disease the doctors called exemm. My face was covered with scales and sores, and the itching and burning were almost unbearable. Seeing your CUTICURA REMEDIES so highly recommended, concluded to give them a trial, using the CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, and RESOLVENT internally, for four months. I call myself In the case of the elder Dumas many people SOLVENT internally, for four months. I call mys-cured, in gratitude for which I make this public statement MRS. CLARA A. FREDERICK.

ECZEMA.

Broad Brook, Conn.

Your most valuable CUTICURA REMEDIES have done my child so much good that I feel like saying this for the benefit of those troubled with skin disease. My little girl was troubled with exerma, and I tried several doctors, and medicines, but did not do her any good until I used the CUTICURA REMEDIES, which speedity cured her, for which I owe you many thanks and many nights of rest. ANTON BOSSIMER, Edinburgh, Ind.

I was afflicted with Ecrems on the Scalp, Face, Ears and Neck, which the druggist, where I got your remedies, pronounced one of the worst cases that had come under his notice. He advised me to try your CUTICURA REMYDIES, and after five days' use my scalp and part of my face were entirely cured, and I hope in another week to have my ears, neck and the other part of my face cured.

HERMAN SLADE, 120 E. 4th-st., N. Y.

ECZEMA.

I gratefully acknowledge a cure of Zerems, or Sait Rheum, on head, nock, face, arms and legs for seventeen years; not able to walk, except on hands and knoes for one year; not able to help myself for eight years; tried hundreds of medicines; doctors pronounced my case hope-less; permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES. WILL McDONALD, 2,542 Dearborn-st., Chicago,

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ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. The first and
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the models laid down by mediaeval romancers. Mr. Stevenson, and his readers after him, find more interest apparently in the fighting than in the courting, and, besides, the one is preliminary to the other, and in the circumstances necessarily so, inasmuch as Dick's wicked uncle is doing his best to make off with and sell in marriage the object of Dick's young affections. The vengeance of the Black Arrow is finally sated, and when all but the Black Arrow is finally sated, and when all but one of the proscribed persons have been slain the leader of the band develops a little compunction and magnanimity enough to terminate his feud at that point; all of which is to edification. But the tale sweeps on to its close with plenty of elas, and wide apart as it is from the fiction of the period, and identified as it must be admitted to be with that romantic school which the deep intellects of the Realistic faction so contemn and shrug the shoulders at, there is a charm about it which we have no doubt the public generally will feel the influence of, and which will perhaps even lead them to commit the heterodexy of wishing there were more of it. As to the illustrations, they are really too dreadful to be passed silently. Who is accountable for them does not appear, but it is impossible to contemplate their hideousness without regretting that the artist should live in a time when no such simple yet efficient remedy for his existence as resort to the Black Arrow is available.

FLASHES OF REPARTEE.

From The Atlanta Constitution.

From The Atlanta Constitution.

Not long ago "The Constitution" addressed the following inquiry to a number of prominent gentlemen:

"What is the best piece of wit you remember to have heard or read of in legal or political circles?

A great many replies were received, some of which we print this morning. It will be noticed that most of the bon mots are taken from other eras than our own. Whether this implies a decadence of wit in public men of the present day we cannot say, but assuredly nothing quoted below is better than the following from Dr. H. V. M. Miller, who, when the conflict was raging between Whigs and Democrats, arraigned the Democratic party with terrible force to a big meeting. He then said:

"Is there any man in all this assembly that will

then said:

"Is there any man in all this assembly, that will now dare to confess himself a Democrat?"

Contrary to expectation, a chubby Irishman with a red nose arose, and, placing his hands on his hips, with arms akimbo, said:

"Yes, sir, I am a Democrat."

The doctor drew attention to the queer-looking figure, and said:

The doctor drew attention to the queer-looking figure, and said:
"My friend, if you would wrap a few wisps of straw around you, you would be a demijohn."
But let our correspondents speak for themselves, and if most of the bright things come out of the classics, it may be that wit, like wine, gets its bouquot with

John T. Glenn wrote:

"Is there anything better than what Randolph said
when he met a very disagreeable enemy on the side-walk? The fellow, blustering up and occupying most of the way, said:

" 'I never give way for a rascal.'
" 'I always do,' said Randolph, politely stepping asido

standing the purport of your inquiry, I submit the fol-lowing from Queen Elizabeth. She become offended at Lord Burleigh, and intended to point her scorn by an allusion to his enemy and her favorite. Lord Leicester. She said: 'Though burly you he, Lord Bur-leigh, you shall make less stir in my kingdom than Loicester.'"

W. B. Hill, Macon, Ga., wrote:

leigh, you shall make less stir in my kingdom than Leicester.'"

W. B. Hill, Macon, Ga., wrote:

"To select the best among one's favorite legal reparters is like the attempt of the royal mother to select from her children the one whose surrender was the condition upon which a city's siege was to be raised. As each passed in review before her each seemed the best loved. I can only say of the following that it is fairly good. A client reprosched his counsel for having been in a semi-body condition when he conducted his case in court. The lawyer replied: 'It was absolutely necessary that I should fuldle myself down to the capacity of the jury.'"

A. O. Bacon, wrote:

"An excellent piece of repartee is accorded to a Mr. Harris, of Atlanta—whose initials I do not now recall, but who is named by the irrevorent as 'Patty' Harris. He was on the witness stand in Fulton Superior Court, and was being examined by the then Attorney-General of Georgia. The witness did not reply to a question as directly as the Attorney-General wished. The latter repeated his question, and added with emphasis: 'Now, Mr. Harris, you certainly understand that question, for you are a very intelligent man.' 'Thank you, Mr. Attorney-General,' replied Mr. Harris with a bow, 'I would return the compilment with Governor Gordon wrote:

"I give you one from Judge Underwood. When he lived in Eibert a man was abusing him roundly, and ended in saying: 'Yes, sir, and I understand you were a Federalists' To this Judge Underwood replied:

"In those times there were but two parties in this country—Federalists and fools. I was a Federalist. I never heard you, sir, accused of being derealist. I never heard you, sir, accused of being

replied:
"In those times there were but two parties in this country-Federalists and fools. I was a Federalist. I never heard you, sir, accused of being one."

eralist. I never heard you, sir, accused of being one."

General Henry R. Jackson wrote:

"The best plece of repartee I remember to have read or heard, fell from the lips of John Van Buren, at one time generally known as Prince John under the following circumstances: He had undertaken the representation of a certain cause before the cours, very much to the disgust of one of his friends, who, having vainly expostulated with him, and losing temper, exclaimed: 'Van Buren, is there a case so low, so vile, so filthy, that you would decline to represent it?' 'I do not know,' replied the lawyer, hesitatingly, and quickly approaching his ear close to the lips of the inquirer, he whispered: 'What have you been doing?'

Judge S. B. Hoyt wrote:

been doing P s

Judge S. B. Hovt wrote:

"The Hon. Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina, was one of the very few intimate friends of John Randolph of Roanoke. They served together in both Houses. Mr. Macon retired from the House in 1815. His successor made every effort to succeed him in the good graces of Mr. Randolph. Mr. Randolph snubbed him. Ansry at this he took the first epportunity to assault Randolph in debate. Randolph made no sort of reply, but a few days after, in discussing some subject, said: "Mr. Speaker, I am reminded of a remark of my friend, Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina, the wisest man I ever knew," and then pointing his long lean figger at the seat formerly occupied by Mr. Macon, but at the time by his successor, continued, 'but whose scat in this House, I am sorry to say, is now vacant! vacant!"
"I append the following, which, under the circums."

time by his successor, continued, 'but whose seal in this House, I am sorry to say, is now vacant! vacant! vacant!'

"I append the following, which, under the circumstances, I regard as one of the keenest and most polished specimens of satire I ever came across: 'Disraeil, the great English Premier, as is well known, was defeated several times before he was elected to Parliament. In one of his speeches on the hustings he denounced Paniel O'Connell, the great Irish agitator, as a "bloody traitor," to which Mr. O'Connell made the retort: "For aught I know the present Disraell is the true heir at law of the Impenitent thief who died on the cross." Disraell challenged O'Connell's son, Morgan, who took up his tather's quarrel, but the chaitenge was not accepted."

"C. C. Jones, Augusta, wrote:

"When that brilliant but erratic orator, the late Thomas Marshall, of Kentucky, was addressing a large audience in Cincinnati, he was interrupted by a man in the crowd, who, pretending not to hear the speaker distinctly, endeavored to embarrass him by putting his hand to his car and crying out 'louder' Several times did Mr. Marshall pitch his voice on a higher key, but the only effect was to draw forth from his torricentor still more energetic cries of 'louder, please, sir, knoder.' Thus interrupted in one of his most thrilling appeals, Mr. Marshall, indigmant at the trick, paused for a moment, and, fixing his eye first on his enemy and then on the presiding officer, said: 'Mr. Chairman, on the last day, when the Angel 'Gabriel shall have descended from the heavens, and, placing one foot upon the sea and the other upon the land, shall lift to his lips the golden trumpet and proclaim to the living and to the resurrected dead that time shall be no more, I have no doubt, sir, that some infernal fool from Cheimant will start up and cry out: 'Louder, please sir, louder?"

"One of the neatest retorts ever made by a public speaker was that made by Coleridge, in response to marks of disapprophation indulged in by the audience during